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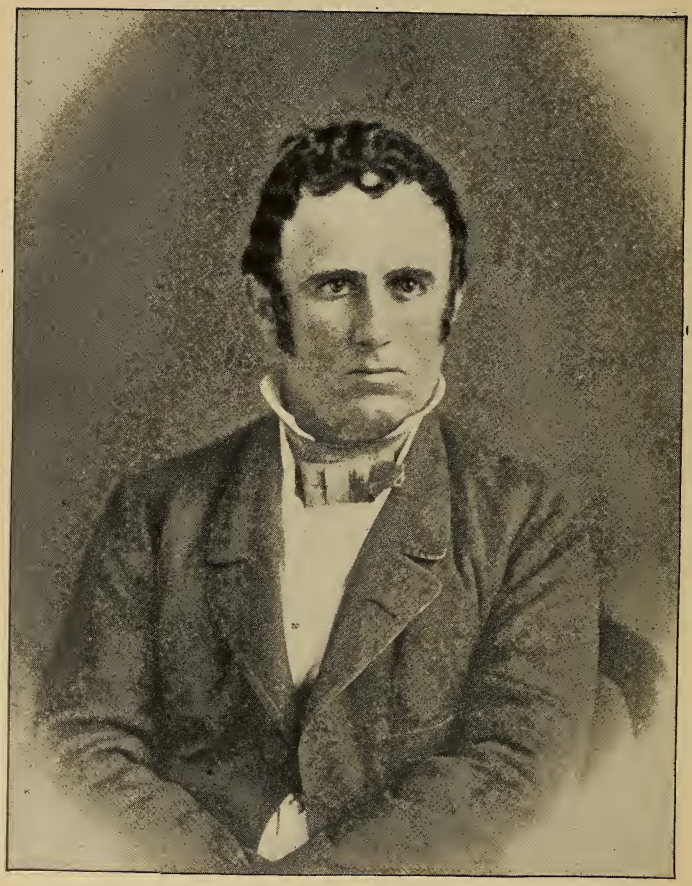
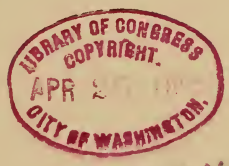


John D. Pedmore.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

BY

JOHN ESTAUGH REDMAN.



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TO THE READER.

PERHAPS I need offer no apology for introducing these sayings of mine. If they have merit, it will probably be discovered; if not, that also will appear. Permit me to add, in the language of Cicero: "*Non numero hæc judicantur, sed pondere.*"

J. E. R.

HADDONFIELD, 2D MO., 1895.

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A PRAYER.

"*God came from Teman, and the Holy One from mount Paran.*"
—HABAKKUK.

O THOU, from Teman! from the hoary mount
Of ancient Paran! walking in brightness!
And at whose approach the darkness fleeth!
It was thy pleasure to create a world,
And people it with beings, such as would
Thy majesty extol, and, in their minds,
Obey thy righteous law. In reverence,
And godly fear, we would before thee bow:
And, while our hearts feel grateful, with a sense
Of earthly favor, we must yet confess

That all we have is thine; and only lent
For a short time and for a proper use.
O great Creator! pity us and give
Unto thy poor and contrite ones that grace
Which will support through all life's varied
scenes;
And, when our pilgrimage on earth shall close,
Grant an admittance to thy sacred courts
(Though all unworthy of such privilege),
There, in thy presence, ever to abide.

MOSES ON MT. NEBO.

THE morn came silently; and Pisgah's top
Shone with unusual splendor, as the sun
Rode up in the clear sky. An aged man,
At the command of Him whom he long serv'd,
Slowly ascends the mountain. He was one
Who lived in troublous times; and the waves
That 'round his cradle beat sang a storm hymn,
And which foretold his future. In his life,
Which had been somewhat lengthen'd, he had drank
Of Marah's bitter draughts, and now, the end
Of care and toil seem'd to be drawing nigh.

His prayer preserved a people—appeased
The wrath of the eternal King! who declared
He would destroy them! Earth's honors
shunn'd!
Was not ambitious for his house; and was,
Without doubt, the grandest of the Hebrews.
Rear'd in the land of Egypt! when a boy,
With mark'd disdain, he trampled on the pride
Of a long line of kings,* and had refused
The son of Pharaoh's daughter to be call'd,
Choosing to suffer with the chosen seed,
His serving kindred, rather than enjoy
Sin's pleasure for a season. A shepherd!
On the plains of Midian, he beheld

---

* The Diadem of Pharaoh. See Josephus.

The unconsuming bush of flame, and saw
Wonders in Zoan's field, and miracles.
Now, his eye rests upon the goodly land,
Promised to Abraham's seed, as a reward
For a continuous faithful service; a land
O'erflowing with earth's most precious gifts,
With corn and wine and oil; a fertile glebe,
And rich in pasture for the herds that roam'd,
And thereon fed and fattened. Lebanon
Looms up in the far distance; 'twas the hill
Which he so long'd to see: but forbidden
To inhale its odors; and in wisdom,
Perhaps, prohibited: we cannot read,
At all times, the lesson of denial;
And what we would desire might disturb.
He sees the full extent of Jericho,

Famed for its wall'd defence — the seat
of kings—
The land of Naphtali—the land of Dan,
And far-off Bashan, with her oaks — the land
Of Judah, e'en to the utmost sea:
The Lord show'd his servant, who had been
In all his house faithful; such are honored!
"Thou shalt behold, but shalt not enter there,"
Truly was spoken. He died in Moab,
And was buried by the eternal King,
O'er against Beth-peor, in the vale;
But no man saw his sepulchre.

THE PROCLAMATION.

OUR chief has spoken by a bold proclaim;
And bonds divide, and fetters rend in twain:
The Gordian knot is severed by a blow,
And traitors tremble, as their troubles grow.
Our fathers mourn'd their country's curse too long,—
Fear'd to oppose, while they condemn'd the wrong:
Which, in an evil—an ambitious hour—
By folly urged, sought an increase of power;
And by presumption led, it periled all
In treason's cause; who will lament its fall?
Abe Lincoln, hail! Thy deed will bring thee fame!

E'en now, we hear approval by acclaim;
With blessings breathed in gratitude to thee,
From a wronged race; but now forever free!
While freedom, flattered, musing o'er the hour
Feels the fresh triumph of prevailing power,
And truth still reigns, with justice by her side;
And these combined, should be our country's
pride.

LINES ON THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

WHEN the exploring Genoese
Beheld a land he long had sought,
Could he its future then foresee,
And what the centuries have wrought?

A country stretching far and wide,
A home for millions yet to be;
An ocean laves its either side—
The stormy and the calmer sea.

A land, whose rocks are veined with gold,
Whose streams have gems of beauty rare;
Whose soil has treasure yet untold,
In which all industry may share.

The dusky dwellers of the wood,
Have fled before a nobler race;
Who, like an o'erwhelming flood,
Of all the past leave not a trace.

Columbus, thou art honored now,
Tho' in thy life-time suffered wrong;
Justice, a tardy traveler thou!
Yet truth is great, and right is strong.

Posterity reveres thy name,
And would repay what long was due,
With gratitude, an ardent flame!
Offered from hearts devout and true.

NOTE.—The discovery of America by Columbus, was an event in the world's history which should ever be held in remembrance by an appreciative people, with every manifestation of regard.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WARFARE.

CHRISTIAN, thy warfare is not on that field,
Where the contending sons of valor meet;
With firm resolve to perish ere they yield,
The ground on which they press defiant feet.

Thy weapons are not those that tell of strife—
The trumpet's clangor and the cannon's sound,
Break not upon thy quiet walk through life—
The narrow path in which thy feet are found.

The heathen hero,* in his prayer for light,
Hop'd to discern the features of his foe;

---

* Ajax, in his contest with Paris, exclaimed, "Light! Light! Then may the enemy come."

But he of Christian faith, by spirit sight,
Seeks to detect the author of his woe.

He who with cautious tread, when time was young,
Sought our first parents in their blissful bower;
And by a specious subtilty of tongue,
Wrought all of woe and ruin from that hour.

But, thanks to *Him*, to whom all praise belong!
Who gives the victory o'er sin and death:
And, 'tho' our household enemies be strong,
His power *can* shield the being he gave breath.

Bind the arm'd man, and cast his goods aside;
Create in truth a revolution there,

And, grant humility in place of pride,
To the chang'd child of faith and fervent prayer.

Strongholds of sin where Satan sat supreme,
Fall into dust, and vanish from our view;
And, former things seem but a passing dream,
When Christ, our King, createth all things new.

ON THE DEATH OF ELIZABETH FRY.

(An Extract.)

. . . . . .

O, THERE was joy, methinks, in realms above,
When the glad seraph brought the Spirit dove:
And with low voice and sweetly uttered tone,
Rehears'd her deeds,—her virtues to the Throne:
How oft the poor—the hungry she had fed,—
The needy clothed, and the afflicted led:
How oft in prison had the sinner sought,—
Pray'd for forgiveness! of a Saviour taught!
Spake of a Lord unto the thoughtless child:
And, like an Angel, on the infant smil'd.

Though well connected, and to worth allied:
Her humble nature was unstained by pride:
Hers was the love—the sympathy of soul;
Above all art—all powerful to control!
Which sooth'd the convict in a dying hour,
And caus'd the lip to tell a Saviour's pow'r.

TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

CALL'D from the field; while yet the battle raged,
He laid his armor off: and, while his strength
Was scarcely tried, the bugle blew retreat.
No more thy voice for truth in earnest tones
Shall eloquently plead; and, never more
Thy faithful Christian walk; following Him
Who died on Calvary, shall louder speak.
To us a stranger! yet, thy courage cheer'd
And had our sympathies, in thy attacks
On Satan's citadel! True to thyself—
True to convictions! none has ever thought
To call thee insincere! and, o'er thy grave,
The wintry winds chanting a requiem,
Let not a word unkind be ever breathed.

THE HERALD.

Immediately preceding the flood at Johnstown, a Herald, viewing the situation, sprang on a noble steed and hastened to the place; in order to warn the inhabitants of impending danger.

FLEE to the Hills! the Herald cried;—
Flee for your lives!—In haste away!
The floods sweep down the mountain side!
There's danger in the least delay!

The gallant steed his errand knew;
And to his work he sprang in haste;
And down the turnpike road they flew;
For time forbade a moment's waste.

Unheeded, was the warning heard;
"Some madman *he*," they lightly said;

Indifference their flight deterr'd:
And many numbered with the dead.

Rider and Horse were swept away!
They came to save, but stayed too late;
Mourn for the Herald and the Bay—
They both deserved a better fate.

This life has many mysteries:
Say not, to-morrow will be thine!
And what may seem realities
Are the uncertain things of Time.

IN MEMORIAM.

'T WAS early in the Autumn, and the frost
Had slightly tinged the forest; a few leaves,
Withered and dry, had fallen to the ground.
The corn was in the shock, soon to reward
The patient husbandman, who waiteth long
For earth's returning bounty: earth who gives
So generously to those who labor.
'Twas at this fruitful season, when all things
Seem'd fair, that we were call'd to bid adieu
To one, who in life's prime became death's prey.
Of unobtrusive nature, she was one
Whose piety rarely disclos'd in words;
But, rather showed by a consistent walk,

Retiring ever, to domestic life,
She gave her days; and yet society
Had nothing lost, had inclination led
To a more public sphere. Gone forever!
Gone, to enjoy a blest companionship,
And to realize that glorious rest,
Which thy pure spirit in its earthly house *
So often longed for! In the Father's house,—
The heavenly home! On the sea of glass,
With harp in hand, thy voice is ever tuned
To magnify the power that redeemed
Thy spirit from earth's stain, and crowns thee now.

---

* "For we know," said Paul, "that if our earthly house of *this* tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands eternal in the heavens."

THE OLD MILL.

DOWN in yon wood where a streamlet is straying,
O'er pebbles worn smooth by continual flow:
There stood an Old Mill with its wheel slow revolving,
In days that are past, and a long time ago.

Though scarce now a vestige of all is remaining,
Save the pillars that held the rude beams of the floor;
And 'round them the alders are silently growing,
And soon will the forest leaves cover them o'er.

Yet memory, happily, the picture retraces,
Reviving impressions time cannot destroy;
And, true to its mission, each feature replaces,
Of scenes that gave pleasure when I was a boy.

A meek-looking man, to the mill-work attended,
His hair wore the silvery aspect of age,
In his countenance peace and contentment were blended,
And much his appearance resembled the sage.

O, oft when the hunters were homeward returning,
In this small busy mill would stop on their way;
Would talk of their feats with an air that was thrilling,
And show all the game they had taken that day.

Here was frequently seen the sweet smile of the maiden;
Here the boys of the village their Sabbaths would keep;
And here the poor laborer returning was laden;
And the vigilant night-bird here guarded its sleep.

The mill was surrounded on all sides by woodland,—
No noise of a household disturbed the lone spot;
There were paths that diverged and led to the clear land,—
Those paths, and the feet that trod in them are not.

'Tis pleasant to visit this spot when world-weary;
When the duties of life have been cumbered with care;
And, although it is solitude, nothing seems dreary,
'Mid the undisturbed quiet so prevalent there.

IN MEMORIAM.

"And the Spring
Came forth its work of gladness to contrive;
I turned from what she brought, to what she could not bring."

THE vernal airs have breathed, and the dead earth
Has now a resurrection; the soft winds
Are coursing o'er nature's face, and forms
Of unremembered beauty spring to life.
How all things mock at woe, the happy bird
Breathes a melodious lay to his fond mate:
And seems as careless and withal as free,
As the breeze that lifts his brilliant plumage.
My thoughts are of the past, the present has
For me no charm,—in vain the bird is gay—

In vain the gentle zephyrs kiss my cheek,
And fan my fevered brow with fond delight—
Striving to chase all care—to drown remembrance,
And to oblivion consign the past.
But memories of sorrow never die—
They have no sepulchre! No tomb is rear'd
O'er their remains! Time, the destroyer term'd,
For them erects a monument, which stands,
'Though all besides has crumbled to decay.
Fond memory paints a picture, and the form
Is breathing flesh; yet perfect in proportions;
The brow is calm and thoughtful, and the eye
Beams with a rare intelligence, and seems
So wondrous in its depth; like a deep well
Whose waters fail not, fed by living springs.

Her father's idol! fairest of the fair;
And earliest born; and fond admirers
With offerings came, and bow'd as to shrine;
But won not her resolve, which she well kept.

. . . . . .

The scene is chang'd, and in the calm cold sleep
Still beautiful in death; and scarce less fair
Than when in life; she lay a form of light;
With alabaster forehead pure and high,
That shone in contrast with her raven hair.
Her features finely chiseled; such as they,
A sculptor would have worship'd; and which drew
Tears from all eyes to think that one so lov'd—
So gifted above others, should return
To that of which she seem'd no part—to dust.

. . . . . A full
Decade of years had passed; and there was laid
As by the side of her of whom we speak,
And in the narrow house for all that live,
One who had cared for her with pious love:
Her years were full; and, like a shock of corn,
Was gathered in the heavenly garner.
Her walk in life was beautiful; and hence
That peace was hers, which is the sure reward
Of strict obedience to the will of Him,
Who died that we might live—not henceforth live
Unto ourselves, but unto Him who died,
And rose again, and liveth evermore.
Matron and maid thus sleep; and in the calm

Of pensive twilight, when all things are hushed,
The world and cumb'rous care is cast aside,
And fertile fancy has supreme domain,
We deem we hold communion with them;
And count it privilege; and come what may,
May nothing ever win from that regard.

GATHERED.

Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in its season.—Job v, 26.

THE corn was ripe for harvest, and the fields
Look'd sear from the late frosts, and on the trees
There could be traced the feature of decay—
Though much concealed by beauty. I was one
Of a large company, that had convened
To pay the last sad tribute of respect
To the remains of her, whose daily walk
Was a bright lesson. She was a widow
Worthy of the name, whose life preached sermons:
Unassuming, meek, not undiscerning.

A widow, poor indeed ; but rich in faith :
Her more than four-score years not idly spent—
Nor unto pleasure sold : but unto Him
Who died that she might live, she gave
The measure of her days ;—the morning prime—
The bright meridian, and silently,
Though no less sweet, the peaceful eventide.

A WALK IN THE AUTUMN.

I LOVE to wander at this sober time
And gaze on nature. To disturb, perhaps,
The crouching rabbit from his leafy bed,
Tho' his fleet footsteps bear him soon from sight.
The wild ducks quit their haunts at the least sound
Of man's approach; and, to the buckwheat glebe,
The timid partridge, to supply their wants,
Leads cautiously her young. The squirrel sits
Upon the chestnut bough, plucking the nuts
From the late bursted burr for winter use;

But hies away at the approach of man.
Wherefore this shyness! Was there never love
Between creation's lower works, and man
The highest effort of creative skill?
And what has come between them? Were the
laws
Of nature outrag'd at that early time
When man became a fugitive, and lost
What was bestow'd in Paradise?

NO MONUMENT IS REARED.

NO monument is rear'd o'er their remains—
No record tells their deeds;—they lived and died:
They pass'd a brief existence here, and then
They yielded up their life, which was but lent
To Him who had been pleas'd to grant it.
For them the world had charms: "they bought, they sold;
They planted, and they builded." Some enjoyed
The good things of this life, and some, indeed,
Did know of evil things; all drank
Of the mix'd cup, which to their lips was press'd;
And, not a few did realize the truth,-

That trouble was man's portion. They have gone
Unto the spirit land, where earthly things
No more concern them—where there is no change.
Some gave their hearts to God in early life;
And some, we fear too many, lov'd the things
Of this world only;—"serving divers lusts:"
God knows it all: for in his book 'tis writ;
And at that final day it will be read
For, or against; it will stand forever,
Saith my soul, might all the living heed it;
That when they come to lay life's burden down
We might have a hope, and that well-grounded,
Though without confidence in aught of flesh,
Of an admittance to a better world.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

"MORE than they all!" the lips of truth declared;
When the poor widow to the temple came
With her two mites—her all of worldly goods,
And cast them in the treasury. The rich
Of their abundance gave; and with a will:
But she, her living freely did bestow;
And the world's wealth, was that at her dispose,
Would have been given to the cause espoused—
That cause so dear to her—as cheerfully.
The structure was adorned with goodly stones;
And exquisite the finish. Art had tried,
And vainly, to excel the former house
Rear'd in the reign of David's royal son.

Beneath its dome of burnished gold, there stood
An uncrowned King, "greater than Solomon;"
A lowly look was His; and yet His brow
Bespoke a being of no common mould.
"More than they all;" how strange unto the ear
Of those then gathered, seemed the Saviour's words,
'Ere they discerned His meaning. He who sees
Not as man seeth, looketh to the heart,
And, by the motive, is the action weighed.
Her name we may not know; or whence she came,
Or whither she returned, no record tells;
Or of her tribe, or of her family:
And yet, her memory will ever live.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

WHEN Israel strove the promise to obtain,
All night he wrestled, and with labor vain;
And 'ere the morning came with vestment gray,
The angel anxious, wished to be away;
But prayer prevailed:—the stranger stayed to bless,
And *his* faith triumphed in his deep distress.
When he, the father of the faithful call'd;
Resolved to do what others had appall'd:
He led his boy along a lonesome way—
Too sad to weep, and without heart to pray;
And raised his arm to do, but still delayed,
And, when his will was slain, his son was saved.

A greater faith was His who died for all,
And thus restored what man lost in the fall;—
Paid the great debt which mortals long had owed,
And, in His sufferings, much forbearance showed.
"Father, forgive them!" was His plaintive cry:—
"They know not what they do," His latest sigh.
He bore our sins on the unconscious tree;
But, 'tis forgiveness sets the guilty free.

TO THE MEMORY OF E. S.

THEY laid him with his kindred; but his soul
Returned to God who gave it. He was one
Of a persuasive speech: and was concern'd
That they who live should not live to themselves;
But unto Him who bought them with His blood,
And gave His life a ransom for the world.
His was a noble work! To win to Christ
Was his employ. At duty's simplest call,
He meekly followed where it seemed to lead.
No matter what the service. We might say

His life lean'd unto virtue's side; and show'd
Consistency of purpose. A soldier
Who never turned his back unto the foe!
Yet, never was defiant. In his walk
Through this world's wilderness, he ever bore
Allegiance to the Crucified! "Well done,
Thou faithful servant!" May such words as these
Fall on thy ear; and sweetly, at that day
When we must give account of all our deeds.

ONWARD.

IT was rumor'd unto Pharaoh that the Israelites had fled,
And revenge inflam'd the bosom of the spiritually dead;
For his heart was turn'd against them, still obdurate e'en in woe;
"He knew not the Lord of Israel, nor would he let the people go."

Not the Zoan field of wonder, not the lightning and the hail:
Not the gloom of the thick darkness that continued to prevail;

Not the loud lament of Egypt in the wail for
her first-born
Could incite his heart to pity, who had treated
all with scorn.

'Twas a day of wild commotion in the ancient
land of Ham—
Swiftly wheeled the warrior's chariots—fleet
the eager footman ran!
Pharaoh, with his mighty army hastening to
divide the spoil;
And to wreak his utmost vengeance on the
feeble sons of toil.

Never, since the world was peopled, did events
so mark the hour

Or so plainly speak to mortals of a great, o'erruling power:—

Not always to the swift the race, nor the battle to the strong!

The Lord of Hosts is mightier—to whom all praise belong.

There was in the camp of Israel, *one* on whom all eyes were bent;

His appearance evinced meekness; very mark'd each lineament.

It was he who, when in Midian, as his flock fed on the plain,

Saw that most mysterious burning of an unconsuming flame.

Favorite of Pharaoh's daughter! heir presumptive to the throne;

He had spurn'd the empty honor when to years
of manhood grown;
Taught in all Egyptian learning, he had turn'd
to truth within.
Rather suffer with the suffering, than a while
indulge in sin.

With suppressed, yet deep emotion, he had
heard the impious cry;
"Better to have served in Egypt, than have
journeyed here to die;"
When, to silence the complaining, spake the
prophet voice of yore:
"The enemies you see this day, you shall see
them nevermore."

And the Lord spake unto Moses: "Wherefore
criest thou to me?

"Let my people now go forward—stretch thy hand out o'er the sea;"
And he stretched his hand out o'er it, and the sea rolled back its tide;
And a pathway lay before them, as the list'ning waves divide.

BEREAVED.

BEREAVED, and O, this night, while the bright stars,
Like sentinels, keep watch and guard her grave!
My all of woe, my sense of loneliness
Steals in my bosom, like a swelling tide,
Which o'erflows all barrier. My tears
Water my couch, incessant; but my heart
Would not be comforted; the very tie
Which binds to earth seems severed, and henceforth
For me no pleasure and no joy. These plants
Which her affection watered; and which grew
In goodly liking by her constant care;

Who now, so skill'd, shall teach them how to
shoot
In the fair morn of life; how to receive
The rays of righteousness which alone
Can nourish, strengthen and support? Who
now
Shall lead them unto Thee, O Lord; and plead
Fervently as she for their protection?
Thou, Who regards the feeblest of the flock,
List to the bleating of these lambs, and be
Their shepherd! Lead them to living water;
And unto pastures ever fresh and new.

WOMAN.

A LAY for dear woman, she merits a song!
To her all the tribute of praises belong;
Deserving all honor; she came from above;
And her visit to earth was a mission of love.

What could have induced her to stray down below?
Attractions, perhaps, which we never may know!
But mark well the hour when woman was won;
What were earth without her? Sky without sun!

Now go where it lists you; in what distant land,
In hovel or palace, by mountain or strand;

And tell of her merit from what you have known;
'Though loath to confess it, her worth you must own.

If far to the eastward your footsteps should stray,
Speak lightly of woman, for this is their way;
Where streams run rejoicing—the breeze freely plays,
For man there she labors; for scarcely man she slaves.

Go not to the Forum, go not in the street!
You'll not hear her voice there, nor here meet her feet;
Go not to the banquet to seek out the fair,

While the slaves of indulgence are revelling there.

But go to the chamber where affliction hath lain,
The friend or the parent in anguish and pain;
List, her language of sympathy, soothing and dear,—
A spirit of comfort from some other sphere!

Nor less does she seem a partaker of this,
When 'round the hearth's circle,—the centre of bliss,—
Like rays of soft sunshine, her influence shows,
And bounty and blessing are at her dispose.

WOMAN.

THOU, who wast created for a purpose;
And to be a comfort to the lonely;
Man's earliest and still most precious gift!
We would revere the motive to regain
What thou didst lose in the primeval time,
When strong temptation tried thee; when the bait
(Before thee set by the arch-enemy)
Seem'd so inviting to thy outward sense.

CENTENNIAL.

A CENTURY of years gone by,
Our fathers said it was consent,*
And *that* the only mystery
That constituted government.

Long was the problem puzzled o'er,
By scientist, as well as sage;
But its solution fades before
The clear experience of the age.

Had Plato lived to see this day,
He had beheld his pure ideal,—

---

* Governments derive their just powers from the *consent* of the governed.—*Declaration of Independence.*

His vague conceptions fade away
Before the splendor of the real.

The world does move; but, ever slow
Truth's progress shows; and oft delayed!
While follies flourishingly grow,
Nor fail to cast an *Upas* shade.

Would that our land might ever flee
The vices of the ages past:
That, while we claim to be the free,
Might not be the enslav'd at last.

THE DEATH ANGEL.

Written during the prevalence of La Grippe.

THE Angel of Death has been viewing the land;
And his arrows he holds in his skeleton hand;
They go on his errands, performing his will,
And seem so directed with consummate skill.

A Tyrant indeed, with a countenance grim;
No pleasure is given by gazing on him;
He heareth no pleading—he heedeth no cry;
He makes no distinction, and passeth none by.

In hovel or palace he sitteth as king!
None question his right,—a self-evident thing!

His reign is supreme, and his realm will be sure,
While a vestige of life on the land shall endure.

He's often a blessing! is ever a friend,
To such as serve God and endure to the end;
For our first parents' sin was this punishment given.
And yet, by this road, we must travel to heaven.

NOTE.—" Death is a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

NATURE had cast him in no common mould;
And yet was of the people! Had he lived
In ancient days, he had rank'd with Heroes!
Men of renown and prowess; and, whose deeds
Have been recorded; and whose fame is fix'd:
Like the unchanging stars, which so adorn
The vaulted sky. And yet withal, his heart
Was tender, and in truth, did sympathize
With suffering, and sorrow. He possessed
A dual nature; and, when roused, he show'd
The Lion! yet, ever a kindly spirit
Reign'd in his bosom: ready to forgive,
And not resent an insult. He has gone,
And still his memory doth live; will live
As long as respect is to virtue paid:
When shall we look upon his like again?

BE READY.

"Be ye therefore ready also; for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not."

BE ready and waiting the "Son of Man's" call,
The injunction is urgent, and binding on all;—
The warning is sounded aloud to the ear,
And the wise, they are they who obey when they hear.

The summons is echoed in palace and cot;
For the rich and the poor have but one common lot;
And alike are the solemn monitions that come
To the matronly grave, or the beautiful young.

Ah! happy are they who in waiting are found,—
Who have finished their work, and with patience
abound;
And have their affections all centered above,—
Expecting the bridegroom,—the soul's dearest
love.

As quick as the flash that leaps forth from the
sky;
Or the twinkling of stars in azure on high;
So sudden the soul may be summoned away
From its temporal home, and its tenement clay.

Oh, then, let us work while as yet it is light,
For the day will soon close, and then cometh
the night,

Wherein no labor can be purposed or done;
For no knowledge there is or device in the tomb..

O! why stand we idle through all our life's day?
For they that will labor are worthy of pay;
The terms are salvation,—the reward is expressed,
In the Lamb's sweetest whisper, "*enter into thy rest.*"

Twelfth month, 1849.

LINES

Written at the Close of the Year 1860.

'TIS past! and with the hour departs the year
That clos'd at midnight's calm, a brief career:
And, like a bark that braved the storm sublime,
Lies wreck'd at last, amid the sands of time.
Fill'd with event, we purpose to portray
What gave importance to its short-liv'd day:
We pause to read the record of the past,
And, from each page instruction gain at last;
And tho' the future may have less to cheer,
Yet fondly welcome in the new-born year.
But who will dare in this degenerate time

To pen a page of really honest rhyme?
Who will for honor still presume to plead,
When banks suspend and federate States secede;
When patriots sell their country for a toy,
And rulers fear coercion to employ.
Ah! well we know, with such as read these lays,
That we have fallen on disastrous days!
The times are not which our forefathers knew,
When men were loyal and when States were true,
When none suppos'd they were not honor-bound:
But, felt a stain as they would feel a wound.
Indignities inflame the public mind!
Injustice rules, with violence combined:

Men now are scourg'd should they complain of
wrong;
And they, the weak, are preyed on by the strong.
A time there was when citizens of Rome
Exiled or wandering from their native home;
Did they announce the place from whence they
came
Found just protection in that honored name!
But this more favor'd land and still more free,
Gives to her children no such guarantee;
Freedom yet burns, but 'tis a smould'ring fire,
And in her home her spirit would expire.
From scenes of strife we turn to those of peace,
Whose glorious reign we hop'd might never
cease;
And o'er the Western wave we cast our eye

On a bright land beneath a softer sky:
Where, by the murmurs of a calmer sea,
Dwells the ingenious, jealous, Japanee.

For ages commerce, lur'd by greed for gain,
Sought the rich isles that gem the distant main;
Exhausted means and call'd in every aid,
With vain endeavor to engage in trade.

But her fond wish with her desire is o'er:
Restraint has fled, suspicion is no more!
The shy Mongolian seeks a foreign land,
Bestows his presents with a liberal hand:—
The showy Embassy attracts all eyes;
And deaf'ning plaudits from dense crowds arise.

But late, a prince and heir to Britain's throne,
Through our fair land was wisely sent to roam.
With manners suited to the festive hall—

The brilliant company !—the splendid ball !
Where fashion's votaries lead the mazy round ;
Where peace is never, pleasure seldom found !
His noble birth assured attention there ;
In truth, he seem'd a favorite with the fair.
Our country ! unto thee again we turn :
But grow more anxious from the things we learn ;
Though potent foes thy welfare may assail,
Truth still is mighty and it must prevail !
Will triumph yet o'er anarchy and wrong,
And its authority grow doubly strong.

PAUL AT ATHENS.

HIS soul was stirr'd within him when he saw
The many altars, and the worshippers
In their blind idolatrous devotion,
Kneeling before them. In the market-place
And in the grave assembly, he discoursed
Of Him the only true and living God:
Who made the world and all that is therein:
Who alone was worthy to be worshipped!
Dwelling not in temples made with hands,
Nor to be compared to any image.
There stood the Parthenon: the quarried wealth
Of fam'd Pentelicus; and much adorned!
And she the Goddess* exquisitely wrought!

---

* Minerva.

Which so displayed the skill of Phidias.
The Greek ador'd the cultured; and he saw
No beauty in the truth as preach'd by Paul:
His ear enjoyed the novel, and tho' heard,
Inclined not to the teaching of the man,
By some esteem'd a "babbler"; and but few
Were the converted to a higher life.
Error is ever blind, and slow to hear
The voice of truth: which tho' it can't refute,
Seeks to repel by rudeness. Some mocked,
And some, by persuasion mov'd, willing were
To hear (perhaps denied) Paul speak again.
But, where is that mythology which show'd,
So grand in its conception, and which held
Such sway o'er mind? gone where error goeth!
Deserted now is Delphi's sacred shrine:—

The Gods have all forsaken Thessaly:—
The "Unknown" God of Athens He alone
Remains unchanged; and unto Him be praise
Offered continually from all hearts.

WINTER SKETCHES.

'TIS now the tide when boreal blasts arise,
And polar spirits sweep the sullen skies;
The wither'd glebe grows desolate and bare,
And chilling winds go coursing constant there;
While barren branches bend to every breeze,
Whose wailing voice sighs through the leafless trees;
And solemn dirges, chanted low but clear,
Breathe 'round the buried beauty of the year.
The maid no longer roams a sweet parterre;
Gone are the summer flowers which bloom'd so fair;
The beauteous rose which heard the voice of love,

Fell, but its fragrance was exhal'd above;
And oft at twilight's calm yet pensive hour
Will mutely muse o'er her deserted bower:
And, as remembrance would the past recall,
Sighs over scenes, which had a charm for all.

The winter bird its wonted food to gain,
Comes daily, pecking at the parlor pane;
A faithful friend its pressing want supplies,
Then plumes its wings and to the covert flies.

But, 'mid the gen'ral gloom which shrouds the scene,
Is there no charm the picture to redeem?
No verdant spot the desert wild to cheer;
Where sweet content can all of care endear.

Observe the household, they have taken tea;
The son is seated on his father's knee;

The sire, intent with the important news,
Reads the fresh page, but prefaces his views;
While his fond spouse, whose bosom thrills with joy,
Lends all her ear, but looks upon her boy.
The watch-dog sleeps unconscious of the blasts;
The child is cradled, all its care is past!
Around the room where works of art suspend,
Familiar show the features of each friend;
Whose every look remembrances recall,
And still the absent grace the parlor wall;
Where fond affection lovingly presides,
Whose reign is bliss, whose realm no pow'r divides.
Picture of peace! O, might no other be!

Go where you may, what wretchedness we see!
Silent and sad, the mother sits alone,
Her absent lord knows not the charms of home:
"Why don't he come?" the burden of her sigh;
"Why don't he come?" the wailing winds reply;
The snow falls fast, her hands unlatch the door;
She thinks she hears his feet, oft heard before!
But yet he comes not—sorrowful delay!
She turns to weep, and then returns to pray:
And, bending o'er her babe—her angel guest,
Sighs for some better world, where both might rest.

NIAGARA.

THERE may be spots made brighter by the sun,
Lovelier by beauty, and more glad by mirth;
And holier hours perhaps have leave to run
In some blest place—the silentest of Earth!
But of this? and what is all their worth
Compar'd to thee—thou monument of time!
Where the remember'd ages trace the birth,
And unremember'd here, with sculptured line,
Bespeak thy early age, by chronicle sublime.

Grandeur's enthron'd supremely on thy brow,
The rainbow circles o'er thy sunlit height;
Terror is mirror'd in thy depth—yet thou
Sublimely fearless in superior might,

As leapeth gladly forth thy waters bright,
'Mid angry surges and perpetual foam;
Where hour by hour we gaze with new delight,
As flows thy flood majestically on,
Whose roar as oceans roar when troubl'd with a storm.

Thy voice hath hushed to sleep the eagle's young;
Thy voice the startled deer hath heard afar;
Thy voice, methinks, unearthly hymns have sung
Unto the Pleiades, and every star
Rolling in Northern Hemisphere its car.
We know thou breathest on earth thy strains divine,
And, sweet to mortal ear such murmurs are;

Still, eager pilgrims journey to thy shrine—
Another Mecca thou, or holier, Palestine.
From the remotest bounds of Earth they come,
Worn with the distance they have travel'd o'er;
And, when the pilgrimage at length is done,
They feel a joy which was unfelt before;
And, linger long, to silently adore
The hand Divine that pour'd thy matchless flood,
And taught thy voice to echo back the roar
Of the vast sea, in language understood—
Deep calling unto deep, proclaim their Maker good.
When first the savage, trembling, gaz'd on thee,
Whose slow approach bore evidence of fear;
Awe and devotion strove for mastery;
Yet, neither in their turn produc'd a tear

From tearless eyes—a stoic even here!
And, with a yell of joy which wildly rang
Amid thy thunder hymn, distinct and clear,
In unharmonious strains the bard began;
Whose unrecorded lay of the Great Spirit sang.

Thou art of Earth, yet seem'st unearthly fair,
'Mid the deep, channel'd rocks which wall thy home;
And viewless spirits doubtless linger there,
To list the melodies of thy deep tone—
As breathes the harp of ages in that moan.
Majestic emblem, thou of endless power,
Which fram'd all things invisible or known,
Which will alone survive thee and the hour,
When worlds shall be dissolved . . .

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

SHE, tho' her years scarce number'd a decade,
Was in experience old; and truly wise
Above earth's wisdom. In the school of Christ
She had instruction; and therein had learn'd
To overcome all self, which is indeed
High knowledge; seldom taught, but of much worth.
To other minds, in condescending love,
She sacrificed superior judgment;
And, unto those she better far might teach
Would patient listen. She has gone from earth;
Her daily ministrations closed to those
With whom she had companionship. No more

Her voice instructively shall speak; no more
Her bright example! In another world
She breathes a purer ether, and her lips
Now sing hosannas unto Him who holds
The key of Heaven's gate; who has declar'd
Except ye be converted, and become
Like children—teachable, obedient—
Ye shall in no wise therein enter.

THE BARD'S BURIAL.

'TWAS early in the autumn, when a bard
Was laid at rest beneath New England's soil—
The land of which he sang and lov'd so well.
Time had dealt kindly with him; for his years
Outnumber'd four-score. He had many friends
And fond admirers; although he sought not
The applause of man; but dwelt retired;
And from society kept much aloof;
And yet his sympathies went out to all.
Under the weight of a most cruel wrong,
He raised his voice for freedom; and when truth
Seemed crush'd to earth, and the slave,
Oppress'd with manacles, perform'd his task.

He lived to see his fond desire fulfill'd,
And slavery extinguished. He was one
Who favored milder measures; well he knew
That truth was powerful and would prevail.
A master of the lyre; and yet so plain
And simple in his manners, and so void
Of all pretense, that few would be appris'd
By casual intercourse, that in him
There dwelt a power which could raise the mind
Above the grovelling things of time and sense,
To a conception of the beautiful.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MARY SCULL.

(My first poem.)

TRULY, 'tis no wish of mine,
To lift the plastic hand of time—
To ope the wounds that partly close,
And give to hearts again their woes.

No lovelier flower than thee might bloom,
Or spread around such sweet perfume;
No bird upon the bough could bring
A more entrancing offering.

Yet, Mary, thou wast naught to me,
Nor was I anything to thee;
But, when I saw thee, was impressed,
And so admired with the rest.

Heaven delights to pluck the flower,
And leaves the weeds, the culling hour;
Why wonder, then, when this is so,
That earth a wilderness should grow?

REMARKS ON THE LANDING OF PENN.

The following remarks on the Bi-Centennial Anniversary of the Landing of Penn, appeared in a Public print at the time of the occurrence. They are now reprinted in a more permanent form.—*The Author.*

IT is proper that a considerate people should cherish the memories of those who have been their benefactors, and also that they devise means, and make some personal sacrifice in order to perpetuate their deeds. The event which we celebrate was an experiment, the result of which was then unforeseen, but which time has clearly established. We now behold what its illustrious founder, or the most fertile fancy, could scarcely have imagined—a city

stretching far beyond its natural boundaries, as compact and more populous than the metropolis of civilization at that day, and deservedly celebrated for its medical and charitable institutions. Its early rapid growth was mainly owing to the liberal inducements held out by its founder, affording, as it did, a home for all, and especially to those who were persecuted on account of religious belief. The intolerance that existed in the mother country at this period had become so oppressive that men of enlightened minds everywhere hailed with joy what promised a deliverance from its thraldom, and thousands who had suffered therefrom had turned their minds towards the New World. It has been said "oppression planted America."

Fortunately on this soil it produced other seeds than those of its kind, and scattered them far and wide on the highways of improvement. Nor did the oppressed in turn, as some other settlers, become oppressors, when the power to do so was placed in their hands; but accorded the fullest liberty of conscience to all who differed from them in religious belief; hence the settlement of Penn was not promoted by the Quaker element alone, but such as did not join them in religious profession, and those who made no profession at all found an asylum here. History seldom records a colony established upon such liberal principles. Penn had himself suffered so much from the trammels of tyranny, and the bigotry of prelates, that he seemed

determined that one community at least should be preserved from all such influences. No wonder the settlement prospered: it could scarcely have done otherwise. In a few years it contained thousands of inhabitants; while many other colonists, who sought to establish themselves upon American soil, were swept away by the native savages who had suffered much from the hands of the white man. Like begets like; the power of persuasion is superior to brute force; the law of kindness and conciliation triumphs when other measures fail. Evil is overcome with good. The Quaker taught a pure Democracy; and while he believed in the sovereignty of the people, he nowhere admitted that the voice of the people

was the voice of God. He contended that no authority could rightfully exist to coerce the conscience, as that was a matter beyond human control, and rested solely between man and his Maker. In preparing a constitution for the colony, Penn was much assisted by that courageous defender of right, Algernon Sidney, whose liberal views cost him his life. It is very remarkable that a descendant of such aristocratic ancestry should have possessed Republican proclivities, and still most astonishing, that his bosom friend should have been a self-denying Quaker. In the preparation of the instrument, it is difficult to assign to each their particular part, but there is no doubt they both endeavored to make it as liberal as possible to

be of any value at all. Sidney's views of government were much in advance of his time, and Penn's were embodied in that declaration of truth: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." In his intercourse with the aborigines, he seemed to have been imbued with the law of love and kindness, not allowing himself, nor permitting others, to take any advantage of them, but on all occasions treating them as equals. We are told by Clarkson it was stipulated no man should, by any ways or means, in word or deed, affront or wrong any Indian, but he should incur the same penalty of the law as if he had committed it against his fellow planter, and that all differences between planters and Indians should be ended by twelve men—that is,

by six planters and six Indians—so they might live friendly together, and as much as in them lay, prevent all occasions for heart burning and mischief.

What a subject for a painter, worthy of the genius of West! Beneath the Shackamaxon elm stand a few sedate-looking but resolute adventurers. The central figure of that company is a man of far more pretentious appearance—the companion of kings and noblemen—a man of culture and parts—one who would be likely to command respect in any place. He has purchased the land whereon he treads from the British crown, who claimed it by the right of discovery; he disdains to occupy it

without consulting those who held it by a higher right—the right of inheritance. Groups of red men, gaily adorned, are gazing intently upon the scene which seems so strangely in contrast with the surroundings, who are willing to barter their land for what appears to them a sufficient consideration; and thus, he not only secures what he desires, their territory, but what at that time was of equal importance to him—their friendship.

Two centuries have rolled away since William Penn set foot on this soil, and could he now return to visit the land he loved, he would be surprised to find so few professing his faith —a mere handful I may say, compared with the

vast population of the city he founded,—nor could he fail to be impressed with the liveliest sorrow, in witnessing, on the part of some of these, a disregard of the principles and practices of his sect, in the support of which he, in common with others, suffered so much both in person and estate. "And thou, Philadelphia, the virgin settlement of the province, named before thou wast born, what love, what care, what service, and what travail has there been to bring thee forth and preserve thee from such as would abase and defile thee! My soul prays to God for thee, that thou mayest stand in the day of trial, that thy children may be blessed of the Lord, and thy people saved by His power." Such was the prayer of its founder. Would

that it had preserved from all wickedness and folly, from all that strikes at its best life or highest welfare. The landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on the "storm-washed" rock of Plymouth has been a theme for the orator and poet; yet we presume the arrival of the ship "Welcome," with its friendly emigrants, in the calmer waters of the Delaware, is entitled to at least a respectful consideration. We may remember that during the six weeks' voyage across the Atlantic a fearful malady carried off nearly a third of their number, and it is a wonder they did not all die; nothing but a miracle could have preserved them. The vessel reached its destination, with its afflicted and much reduced company, who, no doubt, could

exclaim with one of former time, though under different circumstances, "hitherto hath the Lord helped."

A bark is battling with the waves
Upon a dark and stormy sea;
Sleep, mariner; the power that saves
Is not thy strength nor yet of thee.

Our fathers were a noble band;
And settling in this goodly land,
Design'd to make it ever free
From every form of tyranny.

They labored long, tho' not in vain;
They sowed the seed, we reap the grain;
We reap, and reverently bless
Their every form of faithfulness.

Patient, peculiar, self-sacrificing people; your perils, your privations, your efforts to establish

religious toleration have not been in vain. The seed by you sown has produced its legitimate fruit—has taken root in almost every soil. The down-trodden of other lands have been animated by your example—by your heroism and your hopes; nobler men, more deserving posthumous honor perhaps never lived, and while they sought no praise from man, their deeds will be remembered as long as respect is paid to virtue. Pericles said, substantially, in his oration over the slain at Marathon, "the whole earth is a monument to illustrious men." How significant is this sentiment when applied to a greater hero who conquered by love, who disarmed by kindness. The commonwealth which he created, the government which he

instituted, the city which he founded, are all of them monuments to his wisdom and beneficence, and will keep his memory fragrant for centuries to come.

"*Nam vitiis nemo sine nascitur*," says Horace. That William Penn had some imperfections of character it is but rational to conclude; but what he did as a legislator in this land, what he did for religious liberty in the land of his birth, what he did for humanity, an appreciative people will not willingly consign to oblivion.

JOHN E. REDMAN.

Tenth Month 21st, 1882.

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